

haand, direct the thoughts of even the thoughtless and the hard hearted heavenward, and perchance lead them in the way of life everlasting:

A young girl on a railroad train gave a bunch of roses to a little cripple. The child held them to her lips and pressed them to her heart, and fell asleep. The train neared its destination. The father came from the smoking car. At sight of his little one lying peacefully with her head against the stranger and the roses in her hand, he said, in a voice full of feeling, "I am not a prayin' man, but the Lord is blessin' rest on you for your kindness to my motherless bairn." The child roused as she was taken in her father's arms, and said, "I've been-in-heaven pa; I've got some roses." There was mist in other eyes beside the father's, and more than one heard a divine voice saying, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these . . . ye have done it unto me."

Church Hymns

Considerable interest and perhaps some uneasiness has been aroused of late by criticism, widely reported and discussed, of certain well known and popular church hymns. The critics urge that our most common hymns "are not literature," that they do not possess sufficient literary excellence to win the approval of intelligent and cultivated minds, and therefore would better be dropped.

Objections of this kind—and they are not made for the first time—are usually made by men who are better known for their literary attainments than for their religious experience. They are based on an error. Neither in conception nor in purpose are hymns intended to be literature. Many of them are literature in the strictest sense. Yet who supposes that Luther was stirred by literary ambition when he produced "*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott*"—"A mighty Fortress is our God?" or that John Fawcett, the obscure country preacher, thought he was producing literature when he wrote "Blest Be the Tie that Binds?" The one was beset by forces with which he felt himself unable to contend alone, the other touched by the love of the humble parishioners who crowded about to beg him to decline a call to a rich church in London. Each gave voice to the spirit which sang in his heart, and so were born one of the noblest songs of Christian courage and one of the tenderest expressions of Christian brotherhood.

It is not what the hymns are, but what they do, that counts. Think of the noble list—"Rock of Ages," "Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah," "Lead, kindly Light," "Jesus, Lover of my Soul" and hosts of others which have molded the religious life of the whole English-speaking race. They have inspired deeds of love and mercy, instilled patience and courage in the depressed, comforted the dying, and consoled those who mourned. So

long as they continue to do these things they fulfil the purpose for which they were intended, and are worthy of the place they hold in the hearts of those who sing them.—Youth's Companion.

Missions

Washington, D. C.

On last Thursday evening, at our regular prayer meeting, another precious soul was added to the fold by baptism, the confirmation following on Sunday evening.

On Monday evening, April 21, I landed at No. 1377 Third Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., at the German Baptist Brethren Mission, where I spent the night very pleasantly in the home of Elder J. Kurtz Miller, the present missionary in charge. Later on I may have more to say in regard to this mission.

While visiting in New York I also called on Dr. S. E. Furry, so favorably known on the part of many of the EVANGELIST readers. I had never before had the pleasure of meeting the doctor. I was more than pleased to thus get to see him and learn more of the work that he so successfully superintends. I refer to the "Midnight Mission" of "Chinatown."

Of course I did not forget to call on Brother Gillin. At least I *tried* to do so, but did not find him at home, but he was ably represented by his "better half." I was very sorry that my time was so short. When I left Washington on Monday morning I had expected to remain in New York until Thursday, but a message on Tuesday from Mrs. Lyon, brought me home the same night. Our little boy, Quinter, was quite sick; he was much better when I got home and is still improving. Concerning Brother Gillin, it seems like a pity to have to lose his active labors from the church at this time, and yet I have no doubt but that the present course is all a part of God's plan for his life work and my prophecy is that the final results will fill out a remarkable chapter in the future history of the Brethren church.

It was my first visit to this great city. Have other friends there and had much kindness shown me on my flying visit, of which I hope to speak later should time permit.

W. M. LYON.

Chicago Letter

On last Friday night's meeting brother W. M. Shipley was chosen Superintendent of the Sunday school, succeeding Brother Ellis who has served us faithfully in that capacity for nearly two years. Sister Lizzie Miller, assistant superintendent. Our Sunday school has set the mark at 100 members, and will work to raise our average attendance to that number this summer. The weekly attendance is now over seventy each Sunday, and interest growing. Tonight we have a special meeting to further the interest of the school.

We have just returned from the funeral service of a faithful mother in Israel just across the street from us. She attended one service with us in the church last fall, and then took to her bed sick of Brights Disease, and thru the long winter months bore with patience much suffering. Her heart was with the Lord, and her comfort was his word, which I oft read to her, and had prayer at her bedside. She passed away without pain; sleeping well all night and into the morning, her daughter with whom she had her home, thought she would not awaken her, and she slept late into the day, when they went to the bedside, she had just quit breathing, and the physician said, "she is dead." Awoke in heaven. Blessed faith.

Friends ask me, why don't you write? Well, dear brethren, be patient with me. If you knew just how busy I am, and the much work we have to do just now, and the many things to think about, that consumes time and strength, you will pardon my silence. I will make up for it later on.

Brother W. H. Miller has arranged for a Missionary Convention to be held at one of his charges in May, and to it we look forward with pleasant anticipations of a feast, and a renewal of acquaintances with those with whom we have met before in a similar meeting. It is our prayer that the Lord may mightily bless us in those services.

Missionary meetings should be held in every congregation at least once a year. I am thinking strongly of suggesting such a meeting for our little flock here in the near future.

Now I feel that I must mention the very essential matter of money again. We have kept quiet for some time. This is the business side of missionary work. I find that while I am a missionary, I must have business relations with people, and they do not hesitate to consider the money side of the situation, and present their bills same as they do to other people. We must make our work good, pay our bills, and meet faithfully all our obligations, and to do this we must have money. Then we are doing some very necessary work about the residence in the way of cleaning and papering and painting. This must be done for sanitary reasons, and "righteousness sake." We are very economic about it, doing all the work ourselves, that we can do, and hiring just as little as we can, and accomplish the proper results. We know our brethren who kindly purchased the property here, as a "home of the work in this city," will wish to see it properly cared for, and kept up. All this is necessary for the preservation of the property itself. To be, and do, what the Lord wants us, requires money, with which he has indeed abundantly blest our country for several years. Therefore let the "tithes be brought into the storehouse."

A little while ago, a dear brother who is much interested in the missionary work, wrote us, saying, "you fellows who are at the head of this work, and know just what is